



STREETVIBES \$1

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Sad Anniversary for the A - Bomb

Anti-nuclear activists want it to retire

By JEREMY FLANNERY
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

This summer is the 65th anniversary of the first and only use of atomic bombs in wartime. In 1945 the United States used atomic bombs to destroy the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Think Outside the Bomb is an organization commemorating the anniversaries through a national tour advocating the abolition of nuclear energy.

"The bomb is turning 65 – it's time to retire," the group's national tour organizer, Rebecca Riley, said during a June 2 meeting in Northside.

Riley is traveling across the United States with a fellow member of Think Outside the Bomb and two Australian members of Footprints for Peace to campaign for the end of nuclear energy. Speaking at Off the Avenue, the four activists discussed the dangers of uranium mining and nuclear energy production in the United States and Australia.

A graduate of the University of California, Riley said her alma mater has a direct relationship with the U.S. Department of Defense and the National Nuclear Security Administration, a division of the Department of Energy that oversees the nuclear arsenal. The university receives funding from both government departments, conducting research for the production of nuclear energy, she said.

"I learned I was a war profiteer, and I was enraged, so I decided to do something about it," Riley said.

President Obama signed a nuclear-reduction treaty with Russia on April 8, agreeing to cut both nations' nuclear arsenals by about one-third. However, the Obama administration has allocated \$180 billion over a 10-year period to expand nuclear-energy production. The funds will be used to expand nuclear-energy and weapons-production



Rebecca Riley of Think Outside The Bomb informs and entertains a gathering at Off The Avenue.
Jon Hughes/Photopresse.

Marvels and Money Mongers

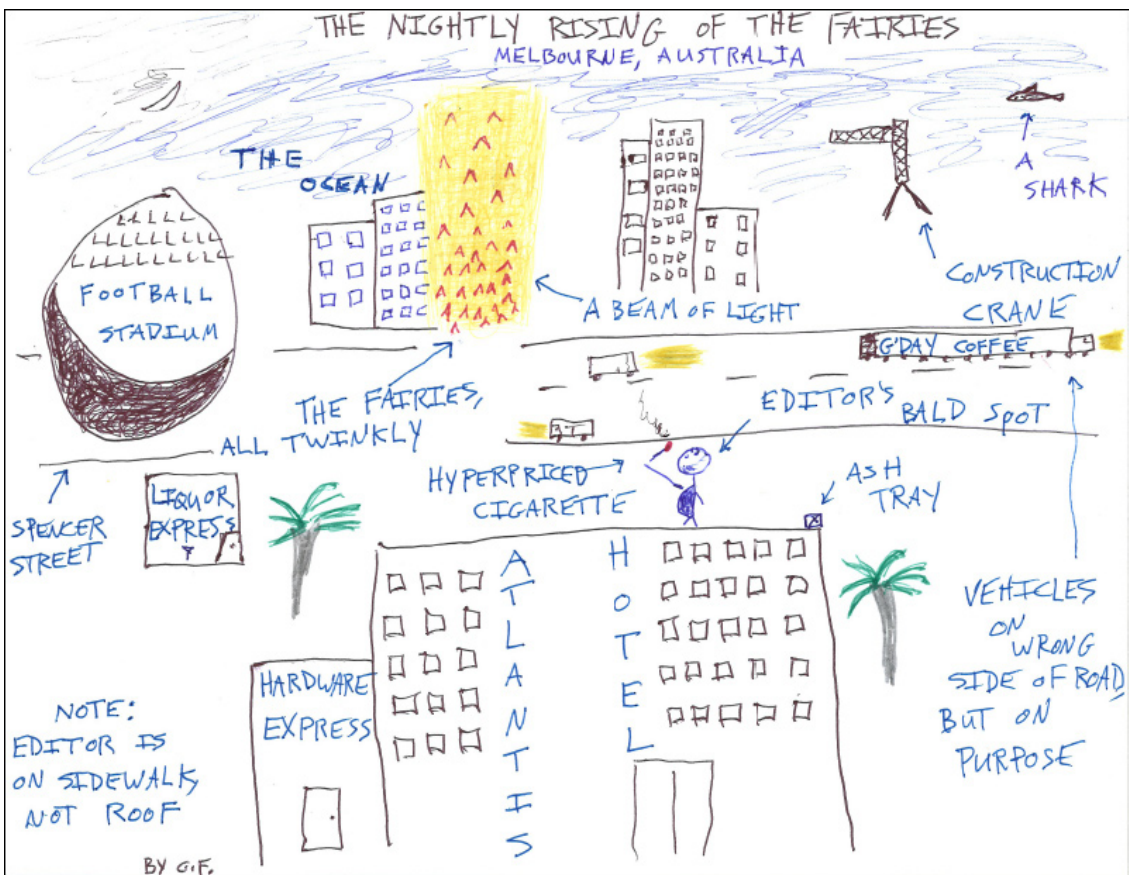
The editor is seen as a security risk

By GREGORY FLANNERY
EDITOR

I managed to fly more than 16,000 miles over the Pacific Ocean (one trip to, one fro) and spent most of a week in a coastal city without once seeing salt-water.

The pilots insisted on flying above the clouds, and the annual conference of the International Network of Street Papers in Melbourne, Australia, was so busy that there was no time for sightseeing. (See "Tell me: Do You Want to Hold Me?," issue of June 1-14.)

That's not to say the trip was without marvels. This is autumn in Australia; and each night at about 7 p.m., when darkness had fallen,



The editor is a lousy photographer so he submitted this drawing instead. Gregory Flannery.

By The Numbers

16,000

The number of families helped by the Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority (see page 11).

1.47

Jaime Garcia's E.R.A in his first year as a starting pitcher in the major leagues (see page 7)

22

The number of years the Deftones have performed together (see page 6).

3/30

The date Cincinnati Mayor Mark Mallory told the Drop Inn Center to move (see page 13)

1

The number of police cars a visitor saw during a stay in Melbourne, Australia (see page 1).

Half

The maximum amount of a person's income charged by homeless shelters in New York City (see page 12).

30

The number of disabled artists who participated in *Black and White* (see page 16)

Twice

The number of times the United States has dropped atomic bombs on foreign cities (see page 1).

26,000

The number of sex offenders re-classified by a law thrown out by the Ohio Supreme Court (see page 5)

2

The number of letters in which readers praise a *Streetvibes* vendor (see page 7).

Streetwise

By GREGORY FLANNERY
EDITOR

Minimum Standards, Maximum Consequences

People at street papers in other cities sometimes think I'm exaggerating when I tell them that Cincinnati City Council seems to hate homeless people. But the best proof is city council's own behavior.

Last week council took responsibility for minimum standards at homeless shelters away from the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless and transferred it to another organization. We'll report on that issue in our next edition.

Of immediate concern – immediate as in so important that the Homeless Coalition hopes to file a lawsuit and restraining order against the city as early as today – is a new rule for shelters that receive city funds. To wit: Shelters must have a policy to discourage panhandling, including “clear and consistent consequences to be enforced if a resident is known to be panhandling.”

Curious language – all parental and orderly sounding. But what kind of “clear and consistent consequences” can shelters enact? Cutting meal rations? Taking away pillows? No, the implication is plain.

“Kicking out homeless people is the only real consequence a shelter can enforce,” says Josh Spring, executive director of the Homeless Coalition. “This will cause more panhandling, because people who are kicked out won't receive food and other services from homeless shelters.”

This new regulation is the latest brainchild of City Councilman Jeff Berding, whose past proposals have included trying to collect taxes from the nickels and dimes given to panhandlers and making them wear signs saying how much the city spends to help homeless people. Now Berding wants homeless shelters to play panhandling police. In return, the city will face clear and consistent consequences – a visit with a federal judge.

“The coalition is preparing a lawsuit against the city,” Spring says. “It's in the midst of being written and we plan to file the first part of (this) week. This will allege that the policy constrains the First Amendment, jeopardizes the well-being of people who panhandle and jeopardizes the shelters' ability to have funding to serve people.”

Resisting the Spread of NNIMBY

People in other cities also make life harder for homeless people. *Real Change*, one of the nation's largest street papers, is facing opposition in Seattle from the Pioneer Square Community Association. *Real Change* recently moved its office to the Pioneer Square area. The community association says the new location violates zoning rules because the paper's computer lab and classes for vendors make it a vocational program, which isn't allowed in the area. But Rick Cohen, national correspondent for *Nonprofit Quarterly*, thinks what's at play is a phenomenon he calls “NNIMBY – no nonprofits in my back yard.”

“This isn't a problem of zoning, it is a problem of a program serving homeless people moving into a shopping area trying to give itself an upscale, chic kind of image,” Cohen wrote. “The mayor turned a deaf ear to the association's complaint that there were too many non-profit service providers in the area. We hope that the hearing examiner gives a similar reception to the association's desperate sounding zoning challenge.”

Sound familiar? Cincinnati City Council has likewise decided there are too many non-profit organizations in Over-the-Rhine and enacted zoning rules to restrict them.

A New Blog and a New Book

Not everything is so bleak, of course. The Drop Inn Center – which Cincinnati Mayor Mark Mallory wants to move elsewhere (see “District 9: Over-the-Rhine,” page 13) has a new blog. Visit dropinn.wordpress.com.

Poet and teacher Michael Henson, a long-time columnist for *Streetvibes*, has a new book, *The Dead Singing*.

“It is small, just 21 poems,” he says. “But I think it has some of my best work. ... The title is from a line by the Japanese monk/poet Ikkyu: ‘I listen to the dead singing underneath the grass.’

To order a copy, visit finishinglinepress.com and click on “New Releases and forthcoming Titles.”

“At 12 bucks, plus a buck for shipping, that comes to about 65 cents per poem,” Henson says.



Garden at Drop Inn Center. Jon Hughes/Photopresse

Streetvibes is an activist newspaper, advocating justice and building community. *Streetvibes* reports on economic issues, civil rights, the environment, the peace movement, spirituality and the struggle against homelessness and poverty. Distributed by people who are or once were homeless, in exchange for a \$1 donation, *Streetvibes* is published twice a month by the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless.

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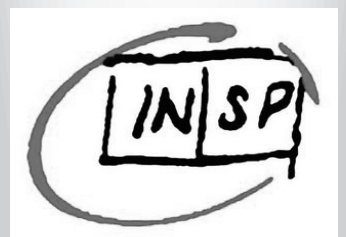
The Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless

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Forced Out for the World Cup Games



A poster for the World Cup in South Africa.

By AMY JUSCHKA
STREET NEWS SERVICE

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA – People feared it would happen in the run up to the Vancouver 2010 Olympic Games, but it's happening today in cities

across South Africa. With the 2010 FIFA World Cup looming, reports have surfaced that homeless people are being rounded up and forcibly removed before the eyes of the world turn to look upon South Africa.

Though the international media has picked up on the story with

some vigour, from what I've observed working in Johannesburg's inner city, these street sweeps seem to be nothing out of the ordinary.

Last August, as part of a campaign to tackle homelessness, the city's human development department took to the streets on a mission to stop people from giving money, food, clothes or blankets to the 3,000 or so homeless people living in Johannesburg's inner city.

"Their presence violates the city bylaws, and we arrest them," Edna Mamonyane, spokeswoman for the Johannesburg Metro Police, said at the time. "This is a normal police exercise, but we have intensified our efforts because of the World Cup. We have had a tough job with the prostitutes – everyday they are warned or arrested."

Reports claim that here in Johannesburg more than 800 people have been removed from the inner-city area surrounding Ellis Park, where seven games, including a quar-

ter-final, are to be held.

The campaign to remove homeless people from the public eye is defended by officials as being in line with the city's bylaws, which prohibit begging at intersections, as well as sleeping in streets, parks or any other public space.

Related to the forced removal of homeless people is the corresponding campaign, among the South African media and government officials, to vilify and dehumanize the homeless, in particular foreign nationals, in the run up to the World Cup.

Carte Blanche, a popular South African investigative television series, recently aired an exposé alleging that homeless women are renting babies for R20 per day (about \$2.60 USD) in order to earn more money begging at intersections.

On any given day, an estimated 300 mothers – many of them Zimbabwean – stand with their children at intersections across Johannesburg, begging from passing motorists. The exposé, like a number of other stories negatively portraying the homeless, serves to legitimize the street sweeps and placate any concerns ordinary South Africans might feel for the homeless.

Significantly, much of Johannesburg's

Xenophobia is prevalent among all levels of South African society, from taxi drivers to police to social-justice workers, and is rooted in legacies of colonialism and apartheid. The street sweeps are just one way the country's institutionalized xenophobia is playing out, and it could have drastic consequences for homeless people – whether actual or perceived foreign nationals – once World Cup fans return home.

homeless population is made up of foreign nationals from other African countries, and there have been mounting concerns among the city's non-governmental organizations that xenophobic violence – like that in May 2008, when 62 people were killed and hun-

dreds of thousands of others displaced – could erupt after the World Cup.

With its porous borders, its reputation as Africa's powerhouse and its close proximity to the ailing Zimbabwe, South Africa is a melting pot for other African immigrants, both legal and illegal. But with such a large number of South Africans living in poor and destitute conditions, intolerance and contempt toward the country's foreign nationals, who are often considered to be a drain on the country's resources, is endemic.

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In the weeks leading up to the Vancouver Olympics, I was touched by the way community and social-justice groups united to protest the province's Assistance to Shelter Act. As the countdown to the World Cup comes to an end, I can only say that the lack of concern shown by local social-justice groups and the general powerlessness of the homeless here in South Africa have been genuinely troubling.

We can only wait to see what the World Cup and the weeks after will bring.

Amy Juschka is former managing editor of Canadian street paper Megaphone. Originally published by Megaphone. © www.streetnewsservice.org.

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If you like what you read, but don't live in the Cincinnati area, you can subscribe to *Streetvibes*. Call us at 513-421-7803 x 12 to learn more about subscribing to *Streetvibes*.

Sad Anniversary for the A - Bomb

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

facilities in Kansas City, Mo.; Oak Ridge, Tenn.; and Los Alamos, N.M., according to Riley.

The Obama administration is saying it will reduce nuclear weapons but preparing to expand the capacity to develop more, she said. The facilities should be recalibrated toward cleaning existing nuclear waste and developing reusable sources of energy, she said. Because governments might not abide by the treaties to reduce nuclear weapons, it is up to people opposed to such weapons to demand they do so, Riley said.

"We're continuing with our grassroots disarmament because that's the only thing that works," she said.

Riley said insurance companies should be required to cover illnesses such as lung cancer contracted by people working around radioactive material at the three production facilities and at uranium mines.

Rhianna Bahee, a member of the Navajo and

Inuit tribes, joined Think Outside the Bomb when she visited New York City for a May 2 rally calling for the abolition of nuclear weapons. She participated in a walk from the Y12 Nuclear Facility in Oak Ridge to Times Square in New York City (see "Walking to End the Nuclear Peril," issue of Feb. 15-28). Along the way she witnessed mountaintop-removal coal mining in Eastern Kentucky. The devastation to the region's environment is similar to the loss of Humphreys Peak, north of Flagstaff, Ariz. Humphreys Peak – part of a mountain range considered sacred by 13 indigenous tribes – is now home to the Arizona Snowbowl ski resort, Bahee said.

The Obama administration has allocated \$180 billion over a 10-year period to expand nuclear-energy production. The funds will be used to expand nuclear-energy and weapons-production facilities in Kansas City, Mo.; Oak Ridge, Tenn.; and Los Alamos, N.M.

Kerrieann Garlick, a member of Footprints for Peace from Perth, Australia, is traversing the United States again after participating in the walk from Oak Ridge to New York. Garlick said water from the Great Artesian Basin in Central Australia is being depleted to keep residual radioactive dust from uranium mining wet in order to keep it from blowing across the continent.

Seven million gallons of water is being extracted from the basin per day to keep the radioactive dust in place, she said.

"If we are going to stop the weapons, then we need to stop the mining of uranium altogether," Garlick said.

Marcus Atkinson, who is also a member of Footprints for Peace from Australia, said 200 tons of yellow-cake uranium is required to generate electricity from a nuclear power plant. Mining uranium in Australia requires destroying 135,000 tons of ore, he said. Radioactive dust that escaped dampening has stretched as far as New Zealand, according to Atkinson. Australia now allows the injection of sulfuric acid to burn away soil and suck out uranium ore – a method banned by most industrialized nations, he said. Australia contains 35 percent of the world's uranium reserves.

"So Australia is like the Saudi Arabia of uranium," Atkinson said.

The nuclear abolition tour ends July 30 at San Ildefonso Pueblo just outside Los Alamos, – the birthplace of the atomic bomb. Think Outside the Bomb and other groups are planning non-violent civil disobedience there August 1-9, Riley said.

Marvels and Money Mongers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

standing in front of the Atlantis Hotel, I could see a faint beam of light in the distance, reaching skyward between buildings near what I believed was the ocean. Slowly, first one and then two and then a flock of flying creatures soared into the light. I surmised that the light attracted insects, which attracted the flying creatures, whose twinkling attracted my attention.

I thought they were bats. Another delegate thought swallows. Another thought seagulls. The one Australian I asked said, "I don't know," then walked away. I had the sense that this delegate hadn't taken a liking to me. It might have been because I had told him I couldn't face another 30 hours on airplanes to get home and was resolved to stow away aboard a cruise ship. He didn't realize I was joking; and when I told him so, he seemed miffed.

Free teeth

I didn't make jokes in the airport in Auckland, New Zealand. I don't make jokes around airport personnel, especially in airports that I didn't know I was going to visit. I might, however, have asked too many questions: "Why are we stopping here? How long will we be here? Am I allowed to leave the airport?" Asking too many questions would explain my being pulled aside for extra screening – the repeated passing of a metal wand about my person, the swabbing to test for explosives residue, being questioned about my itinerary.

But get this. The Auckland Airport has a patio for smokers. This is only a small step down from the Greater Cincinnati and Northern Kentucky International Airport, whose name is too long but which has an air-conditioned lounge for smokers, with comfy couches and free Wi-Fi.

By contrast, wireless Internet service at the Auckland Airport cost \$20 NZ for an hour. Cigarettes there cost \$12 NZ a pack. They came with a photo of a diseased human heart. Warning: These prices could cause a heart attack.

The prices in Melbourne were even higher – more than \$13 AUS a pack. I was warned of an "instant \$400 fine" for throwing cigarette butts on the sidewalk, so I didn't.

In Melbourne, a city of almost 4 million people, I saw one police car. I met one panhandler. I bought one breakfast – two eggs, a muffin and coffee – for \$16 AUS.

Breakfast at the hotel featured scrambled eggs and baked beans.

The Melbourne street paper, *Big Issue Australia*, hosted a dinner for delegates. There I met Peter, a vendor who described his sales pitch.

"I don't tell people, 'Help the homeless.' I tell them, 'Home the helpless,'" he said.

He reminded me of a *Streetvibes* vendor who uses humor to sell papers.

Once a dentist bought a paper from Peter and said, "I see you don't have any teeth." Peter said he replied, "I could have told you that."

The dentist then offered Peter a free set of dentures. That is the kind of marvel one sometimes hears from vendors who sell street papers.

I exchanged currency in three countries and was impressed by the professionalism of the money mongers. Each one told me that my proposed transaction wasn't in my best interest. That didn't stop me, but I



Before the rising of the fairies. Gregory Flannery.

was glad to see that they took the profit only after informing me of my ignorance.

The Illuminati are here

In Auckland I agreed to take a seat in the aisle of an emergency exit, which I would be obligated to help open if necessary. I told the airline agent that I don't hear well. He said, "Can you hear me all right?" I said yes. He gave me a ticket for a seat in the aisle of an emergency exit, which told me that safety is a matter of regulation, rather than reality, on airlines.

En route from Auckland to Melbourne, I was stopped just short of the rest room by an attendant – seated, with his safety belt buckled – who said, "Sir, return to your seat immediately and fasten your seat belt." I hadn't heard the announcement about turbulence.

Melbourne seems a city on the move. It has two streetcar lines, one free. Within a block of the hotel were Liquorland Express and Hardware Express, enabling visitors to get a quick drink and a quick screw.

This sign was on several shops: "Parm, Chips and a Pot," followed by a price. Chicken Parmigiana, French fries and a pot of beer.

One evening I dined with delegates from Slovenia, South Korea, Japan, France, Burundi and the Philippines.

One evening a woman told me, "There are too many Asians in Australia." She also told me that an owl sculpture in front of a bank was a sign of the Illuminati, who control the world.

"That's their cheeky way of telling us they're there," she said.

I marveled at her use of three homonyms in a single sentence. I didn't ask if there are too many Asians in the Illuminati.

I think it was mercy, not the Illuminati, that accounts for the "amnesty bin" just outside the landing gate in Auckland – a last chance to throw away evidence before encountering airport security.

Mercy as policy. Imagine.

Sex Offender Law Unconstitutional

Ohio Supreme Court rejects retroactivity and fear

By ELI BRAUN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The Ohio Supreme has struck down an Ohio law that increased the reporting requirements for thousands of Ohioans convicted of sex offenses.

The court's June 3 decision spawned a wave of fear-mongering.

"Court ruling means sex offenders could be checking in less often," blared 10TV News in Columbus, beside an image of a darkened silhouette in front of a "DO NOT CROSS" police line.

Christian Bodyke of Huron County, Ohio, is one of those sex offenders. In 1999, a judge assessed his social history and risk of recidivism and deemed Bodyke to be a low risk offender. He was required to register with the sheriff in his home county each year for 10 years. The sheriff was not required to notify Bodyke's neighbors.

Then on Jan. 1, 2008 the Ohio Adam Walsh Act took effect. It tossed out judges' assessments of risk. Instead, requirements for registration by sex offenders were set based solely on the name of the offense. Moreover, the Ohio Attorney General would determine registration requirements for all

sex offenders, even those who had been previously assessed by judges.

'It's common sense'

Bodyke had faithfully complied with his reporting requirements and had only a couple years to go when the attorney general reclassified him from the lowest-risk classification to the highest-risk classification.

He would have to register every 90 days for the rest of his life, not just in his county of residence, but any county where he worked or visited for longer than three days. His neighbors received postcards with his personal information, warning that a "sexual predator" lived nearby.

Bodyke was one of thousands of low-risk offenders re-classified as high-risk.

To comply with federal rules, the law also changed the three primary levels of risk from sexually oriented offender, habitual sexual offender and sexual predator to Tier 1, Tier 2 and Tier 3.

The law also extended the amount of time someone must remain on the registry. An offender at the lowest risk would have to register for 15 years instead of 10, and an offender at the intermediate risk would have to register for 25 years instead of 20. Those deemed highest-risk were already registering for life. Thus even those who were not reclassified faced longer terms on the registry.

"Many of our clients were on the verge of suicide when they realized that, as a result of the law, they would have to endure a lifetime of registration duties, which means a lifetime of being stigmatized," says Margie Slagle, an attorney with the Ohio Justice & Policy Center (OJPC).

Slagle and OJPC, based in Cincinnati, collaborated with the Ohio Public Defender and the Ohio Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union to build the case, write the briefs and prepare for oral arguments in the case before the Supreme Court, *State v. Bodyke, et al.*

(Disclosure: This reporter works for OJPC.)

Some 26,000 people – approximately 85 percent of the 30,750 convicted sex offenders in Ohio – were reclassified as a result of the Ohio Adam Walsh Act. The question before the Supreme Court was whether the law could apply retroactively.

The court ruled 5 to 1 that it could not. The court determined that the legislature's action to reclassify sex offenders was unconstitutional because it overturned the final decisions of a trial court, thus violating the separation-of-powers doctrine.

"The reclassification scheme ... interferes with the judicial power by requiring the reopening of final judgments," wrote Justice Maureen O'Connor in the majority opinion. "It is well settled that a legislature cannot enact laws that revisit a final judgment."

"It's common sense," Slagle says. "If someone hits your car and the trial court awards you \$5,000, you don't want the legislature a year later altering that ruling."

Ohio Attorney General Richard Cordray released a statement calling the decision "narrowly tailored."

"The broad provisions of Ohio's Adam Walsh Act remain in place," he said. "(The decision) reinstated the classifications and community notification and registration orders imposed by judges under prior state



Ohio Supreme Court.

law for certain offenders who had been sentenced before Jan. 1, 2008."

While the classifications and registration duties of 26,000 sex offenders will revert to what they were before that date, those who were convicted on or after that date were unaffected by the ruling. Their classification will still be set according to the name of their offense, instead of by a judge who considers their risk of re-offending.

Victims back ruling

"Justices Give 26,000 Ohio Sex Offenders a Break," announced the *Columbus Dispatch* in reporting the decision.

In fact, the ruling gives the whole community a break. The Ohio Adam Walsh Act authorized classifications without assessing an individual's risk of re-offense. The flood of "over-classified" individuals burdens county sheriffs, who are required to monitor these individuals.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, considered politically conservative, has advocated a more sensible approach. In a 2008 editorial, the Enquirer called reclassifying low-risk offenders "absurdly unfair" and wrote that the law was "bound to do far more harm than good and actually could be a step backward in protecting the public."

Instead of concentrating on high-risk individuals, it argued, county sheriffs would have to expend limited resources keeping tabs on low-risk offenders.

"Re-classifying [offenders] upward also requires sheriffs to issue more notifications about offenders' whereabouts, adding administrative burdens with little payoff in public safety," the editorial said.

"That's a huge amount of manpower for the sheriff," Slagle says. "Many sheriffs freely admitted that it's a waste. They want to concentrate on people who are higher risk, but those tiers are now swamped with low-risk former offenders."

Many believe sex-offender registries are a public-safety tool, one that "provide[s] families with the information they need to keep their children safe," as Attorney General Cordray stated.

But diluting sex-offender registries with the names of reclassified, low-risk offenders thwarts that public-safety purpose. To that end, the National Alliance to End Sexual Violence and victims' advocacy organizations in California, Iowa and Texas together submitted a brief urging the Ohio Supreme Court to find the law unconstitutional.

"(T)hese changes put law enforcement agencies, already in budgetary crises, in the position of spending precious dollars on monitoring low risk individuals with a limited impact on public safety," said the brief by victims' advocates. "More onerous sex-offender registration and community-notification laws threaten to harm the very people they are intended to protect and to undermine goals of community safety and treatment of offenders."

Ohio's Adam Walsh Act, they concluded, is "not based on empirical evidence or proven research, but on fear and misinformation."

While basing its ruling on the separation-of-powers doctrine, the Court also seemed to recognize that it makes little sense to classify sex offenders without performing an assessment first.

Because of Ohio's Adam Walsh Act, Justice O'Connor wrote, "The trial court is stripped of any power to engage in independent fact-finding to determine an offender's likelihood of recidivism. Expert testimony is no longer presented; the offender's criminal and social history are no longer relevant."

One might add: Sex offender registries are no longer as meaningful.

While the classifications and registration duties of 26,000 sex offenders will revert to what they were before that date, when the law took effect, those who were convicted on or after that date were unaffected by the ruling. Their classification will still be set according to the name of their offense, instead of by a judge who considers their risk of re-offending.

‘Infinite Arms’ and ‘Diamond Eyes’

Recommendations for your new summertime jams

By PAUL KOPP
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

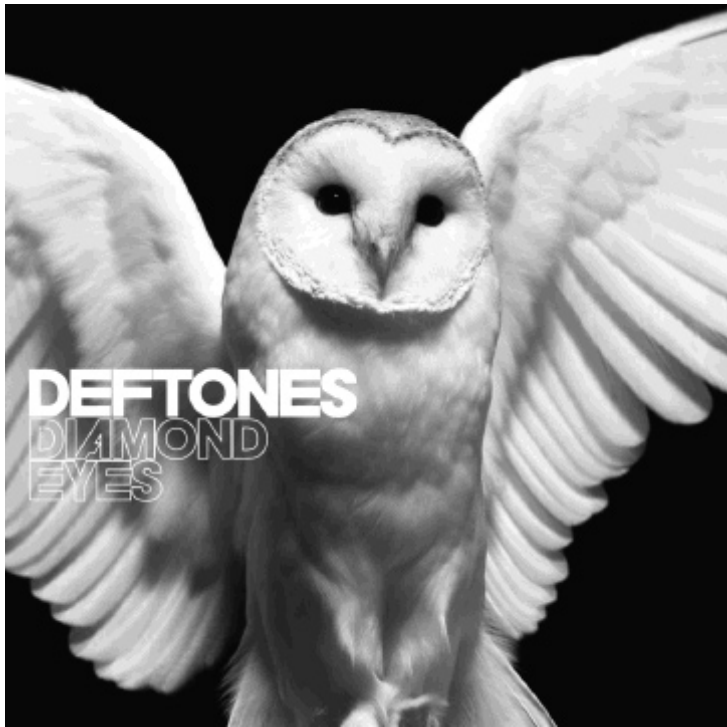
As summer approaches, music fans will inevitably be looking for the new soundtrack to the season. Whether it's the accompaniment to a road trip or a lounge by the pool, music always holds a firm place when people in the Midwest have more of a chance to get out. Here is an extended look at two new releases that might become the backdrop to your warm-weather memories.

Band of Horses – ‘Infinite Arms’

On their third album and major label debut for Columbia Records, Band of Horses seems confused about the direction it is steering. Known for their pseudo-atmospheric, spaced out, nice-guy riff rock, they also seem comfortable adding new and different layers to their unique sound on this album. After all, it's only natural for a horse to wander.

Songs like “Compliments” and “Laredo” utilize the big guitar hooks the band is known for, but with a markedly different tone. The band relocated from Seattle to South Carolina within the past few years, and that might explain why the electric guitar sound on *Infinite Arms* is sometimes laced more with a bit of country twang, rather than the spaced-out sound they were initially known for. Aside from those songs and the straightforward rocker, “NW Apartment”, the rest of the album is mostly filled with delicately arranged acoustic pieces that, while not new territory for Band of Horses, definitely sound more carefully constructed.

From the semi choral harmonies of “Evening Kitchen” to the lilting sing-song strumming of the title track, the dynamics of the album are mostly dialed down. Ben Bridwell, the band's de facto leader, swoons semi-confessional lyrics that are vague enough to not come off as trite. His strength as a vocalist is to take plain and seemingly simple lines and sing them in such a way as to make them sound the exact opposite: complex and completely heartfelt. Example from “Laredo”: “Oh my love, don't you even know? Oh, my love, are you really



gone?”

Bridwell has said that the album is the first with a completely solidified lineup. Keyboardist Ryan Monroe, bassist Bill Reynolds and guitarist Tyler Ramsey, all touring members of the band, have officially joined the group and contributed songs and arrangements to the record. This change, along with the extended period of time they spent recording it (almost two years), might be the reason *Infinite Arms* sounds more polished and less explosive than their previous records.

On first listen, it might seem less energetic; but after taking some time with the songs, it appears the band is learning how to explore more subtle methods of creating solid songs rather than going immediately for the throat with the big delay and effects-laden guitar parts and reverb-drenched vocals of the past. These songs seep into you like the water in a warm bath, rather than a midnight jump into the lake.

Deftones – ‘Diamond Eyes’

At this point in their career the Deftones are the elder statesmen of their genre. Luckily for them, their genre doesn't exist. They created their own, which is constantly changing. On *Diamond Eyes* the band continues to do what they do best: progress while staying consistent to the sound they have developed over six albums and 22 years as a band.

They have said they wrote the album together in a rehearsal space over the period of a few months. This is quite the contrast from the process of their last two records, which, though still quite good, were constructed piece by piece in different studios over the period of years with the band on the verge of breaking up.

The Deftones have never lacked creative energy, but on this album you can hear that the songs were written in a more organic and natural setting. This is mostly evident in the instrumentation and interplay between the band. As always, the guitars are heavy and tuned low, but rather than sounding like a wall of individual layered parts, it feels like guitarist Stephen Carpenter is playing each track in a live setting, and the same goes for rest of the band. Though Abe Cunningham's drums don't sound as big and aren't mixed as carefully as in the past, his machine gun pace propels the band. Keyboardist Frank Delgado adds a nice gloss of synth-based texture that, though it may be difficult to discern, adds to the overall body of the album. One notable change is the absence of bassist Chi Cheng, who has been in a coma for more than a year after a car crash. Bassist Sergio Vega, who has subbed for Cheng in the past, fills in.

Frontman Chino Moreno continues to write the visceral lyrics he is known for. He has said that he doesn't like to write lyrics about his personal life, but rather string together a series of images that don't necessarily tell a story but instead evoke abstract imagery. This approach is one of the factors that have kept the Deftones relevant. The fact that their songs don't get bogged down in any type of confessional minutiae gives them an element of mystery that is critically lacking in other bands of their stature.

Though Moreno has contributed a number of less heavy, more melodic guitar parts to the band since 2001's *White Pony*, it seems as if, aside from the dizzying sway/midnight beach meditation of “Sextape” and the sweeping delay pedal ring of “Beauty School,” he has taken a step back on this record. It is mostly dominated by Carpenter's signature low end. Carpenter's playing itself doesn't necessarily lack melody; it embraces it. Coupled with the down-tuned, bludgeoning heaviness of his playing is his mastery of taking his massive guitar tones and putting them to use writing memorable songs like the towering stomp in the chorus of “976-Evil.”

On “CMND/CTRL,” “Rocket Skates” and the title track, Carpenter keeps his shredder credibility intact, while on “You've Scene The Butcher” he subverts his monstrous tone through some kind of classic rock-style riffing.

Because of the way *Diamond Eyes* was recorded, it might be seen as the band returning to its roots. This by no means indicates that they looked to recreate something they had done in past, however. Rather, they seem to have looked at the idea as a perfect way to start over again. As they always have.

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Loving the Reds, Not Believing

St. Louis is the best bet

By B. CLIFTON BURKE
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

When the Reds are winning, Cincinnati summers feel more golden. Something about it supercharges the city, helping to balance the frustrations that come with heavy humidity. Whatever it is, I enjoy it, and I hope it's here to last, but I'm afraid that isn't the case. As of June 7 the Reds were tied for first place with the St. Louis Cardinals in the National League Central Division. The season is but a young adolescent, displaying early trends that older seasons have proven to outgrow. If closely examined, the Reds are full of such trends; and as the season moves on, I expect them to at least slow down, if not end this success altogether. One of those unfortunate trends are the Cardinals themselves. They just win. Their one-two punch of Chris Carpenter and Adam Wainwright make up arguably the best starting-pitching tandems in baseball. If those two stay healthy all year, that alone can win a team the division. If that weren't enough, they also have perhaps the best pitching coach in the majors in Dave Duncan. While aces like Carpenter and Wainwright don't need much coaching anymore, Duncan has helped average pitchers exceed their potential like no one else in the game.

This year's example of such a feat comes from 24-year old left-hander, Jaime Garcia, who is 5-2 with a 1.47 ERA in his first year as a starter in the major leagues. I suppose it's also worth mentioning that the world's greatest player, Albert Pujols, also resides in the Cardinals' lineup and that he is practically guaranteed to end up with over 35 home runs this year (he has only missed that mark once in his 10-year career). St. Louis is a battle-tested group who has proven staying power in pennant races. The other trend that isn't likely to last is the good starting pitching the Reds have enjoyed of late. The once club ace, Aaron Harang, has spent the past two and a half years wondering where his mojo went. In that time, he is 16-26 with an

ERA above 4.50. The Harangutan is a modest 4-5 this year so far, but also has posted a 5.43 ERA in 12 starts.

Johnny Cueto also joins the list of questionable starters in Cincinnati's rotation. Johnny is off to a hot start (5-1, 4.09 ERA) but has never demonstrated that he can pitch consistently effective throughout the course of a whole season. He had a tremendous month of May, only giving up six runs in five starts, but then hemorrhaged eight runs to St. Louis in his first start in June. Cueto will be key if the Reds are to make a push for October, but remaining consistent is the only way that can happen. Then there are the Reds hitters. One major bonus in the Reds lineup this season has been Scott Rolen. The veteran third baseman, who was considered primarily a defensive upgrade, has produced well from the plate too this season, belting 14 home runs already. Last year a major knock on the Reds was their inability to produce runs, and Rolen hitting lots of home runs is by and large a pleasant surprise. Yet again, Rolen hasn't hit more than 20 home runs in the past five years prior to this season, so it seems likely that his hitting production will inevitably decline. Right-fielder Jay Bruce is another wild card. When Bruce first came up two years ago, he scorched major-league pitching the first few weeks that he saw it, but then the National League started throwing him some junk and his numbers swiftly declined. Last year was immensely forgettable for the young phenom, hitting a measly .223 before breaking his arm. This year he is off to a better start at .266 but still struggles with strikeouts. There are other variables that are clicking now but might not be all season long. For any team, prolonged success is made up in large part due to players peaking at the same time, and the Reds have put themselves in a position to make that happen. Chances are, though – at the risk of sounding like Debbie Downer – things will fall apart for the Reds and the division will go St. Louis' way.

I love them; I just don't believe in them. But we might still get the Wild Card.

Ask A Vendor

My question is to a specific vendor. I don't know his name. He is an African-American male. Most mornings, he is selling Streetvibes in the median at Central Parkway and Vine, between the Gateway Garage and the Kroger Building. My question is simple: Can I help you? I am very impressed by you. You are out in that median almost every day. I admire your diligence. You are very friendly and polite. I would like to understand your circumstances and see if I could help you make them better. I have often thought that something that people who end up in difficult circumstances have in common is that they just lacked the support that everyone (I mean everyone) needs. I think I could be a good supporter. I could offer some financial support, but not a lot. But I think I could offer a lot of good advice. I'm middle-aged, have a professional career and think I'm pretty decent at figuring things out and finding solutions to problems.

Name withheld at author's request
E-mail given to vendor

'Cover to Cover'

To the Editor:

I work in the Kroger Building downtown and I purchase your newspaper on a regular basis. I wanted to take a moment to tell you how much I like the gentleman that stands on Central Parkway in between the Gateway Garage and the Kroger Building.

I have passed him every morning on my way into work and just recently within the past couple of months started purchasing the newspaper. He is professional, well dressed, friendly with "Hello" every morning and not pushy with the paper. I was always curious about the paper; and if it weren't for his demeanor, I probably would have never purchased one. I read it from cover to cover and have learned what your purpose is and will encourage my colleagues to support your cause.

I look for this gentleman and look forward to his "Good morning," "Hello," "Have a nice day," "Have a good weekend." The one time I asked him a question about the paper, he was quick to answer and very knowledgeable about it. Needless to say, I am very impressed with this young man.

I know that times are tough, and it is refreshing to see someone who is or has been down in their luck getting up every morning and working. I will continue to support your newspaper as long as it is available.

Thank you.

Linda Mager
Cincinnati

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The Power of SOS Art is Engagement

But a bit more order would help

By KATHY STOCKMAN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

In its eighth year, SOS Art is an event that invites artists of all ages, including poets and musicians, and the city to engage in a discussion about peace and justice. As an art historian whose scholarship focus has rested mostly in Latino art and critical race theory, I am always surprised to find that this discussion is not more prevalent in contemporary art. Few contemporary artists, especially those in Cincinnati, take on this topic, yet as by the wide participation and patronage of SOS Art and other local events has illustrated, sociopolitical debates remain strong and impassioned.

The visual component of SOS Art, which ran May 28-June 6, included a non-juried show of two- and three-dimensional art open to local artists. As a non-juried show, the discussion of peace and justice is an open forum for all artists who wish to express themselves and to honestly and effectively participate in this dialogue. The result is a presentation of objects that vary in medium, artistic style and ability, subject and perspective.

At times such a breadth of presentation overwhelmed this viewer. Moving from gallery to gallery throughout the two floors of the Art Academy of Cincinnati, which housed the exhibit, did not always invite the thoughtful

and perhaps even philosophical introspection these sociopolitical themes require. In one gallery, the viewer was met with national and local politics; the next topics included racism, feminism, homophobia; then the next was environmentalism. And sometimes all themes found a place on the same wall! Of course, all of these are integral parts to the overall discussion. However, a non-juried show, I think, requires special care that will successfully move the dialogue throughout the different spaces. Without careful presentation, the exhibition risks presenting itself as a catalogue of newspaper headlines. As it is, the show rested perhaps too heavily on the literary and performance components of SOS Art for the needed dialogue.

This is not to suggest that the point of the show and the themes were lost. The power of the artistic expression is certainly present in this diversity. Inviting all artists and visitors to engage in a sociopolitical dialogue is an invitation that should remain open. I believe artists and their art have a moral obligation to the community, and SOS Art provides a venue for artists to meet it. Yet I maintain that providing some kind of control or set parameters of a discussion leads to greater success. This becomes most obvious with the collaborative projects presented in the show.

Homeless Teens is made up of digital designs created by Mark Wiesner's ninth-grade students at Summit Country Day School. This collabora-

tive student work, with its obvious and narrowly set thematic parameters, packs a wonderfully powerful punch.

Just as successful is the collaboration between students at Chatfield College, Northern Kentucky University and the residency program at Miami University's Center for Community Engagement. This partnership resulted in the now well-known discussion about the Jim Tarbell mural in Over-the-Rhine (see "Gigantic Insult? Towering Tribute?," issue of Nov. 1-14, 2009). The piece enjoys a continued success that rests, I think, on the invitation to the viewer to participate in the conversation. In light of the recent reaction to a couple of Shepherd Fairey's murals, we can see here an example of art – mural, mixed media, sculpture, etc. – that engages through an open invitation to all to participate in a discussion.

It is education – through art's discussion that invites all to the conversation – that makes both *Homeless Teens* and the continuing discussion of the Tarbell mural successful efforts toward community engagement of sociopolitical issues. It is this open invitation – extended to diverse voices and eyes working to sharpen our dialogue, break our isolation, and strengthen our community – that is the fundamental principle of SOS Art.

At times such a breadth of presentation overwhelmed this viewer. Moving from gallery to gallery throughout the two floors of the Art Academy of Cincinnati, which housed the exhibit, did not always invite the thoughtful and perhaps even philosophical introspection these sociopolitical themes require.



Sheri Besso created *Full Deck*, a commentary on "campaign madness." Vinit Murthy.



The Ungrateful Traveler by Jeff Casto. Vinit Murthy.



Saad Ghosn and his woodcut print, *We Float, We Sink*. Vinit Murthy.



L-R, *Broken Fence* and *Pain Faces* by Kris Allen Courtney. Vinit Murthy.

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ACTIVISM, HOUSING & HOMELESSNESS IN CINCINNATI'S URBAN CORE

An art exhibition from the archive of Jimmy Heath and the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless.



Washington Park in winter. Aimee Willhoite.

If Only

By BONNIE NEUMEIER

If only from this valley of Over-the-Rhine
We might rise
Knowing the toil of our hands
Labored long and hard
For what is here
The powerful now want to dismiss and displace

If only we trusted our sense of what is right
And not resign or despair
When we see it rearranged and torn apart
With fangs foul with greed
And a false sense of authority over our land

If only we took back the streets
Dancing with pride
Opening them up declaring
These are not dead end streets
Our feet walk miles everyday
To tender these streets with soft caring
For our sisters and brothers

If only we could save the ancient trees
The catalpa, the linden, the oaks
In Washington Park

Shading us in hot summers
Where we lay down to feel
The ancestors buried deep rise up
Through the tickling green grass

If only we could strengthen our resolve
To claim our right to low-income housing
Make a mix that is equitable
And praise the beauty of the common people
That makes this place real, not plastic or phony
With a modernity that reeks with
“We know what’s best for you, our way or no way”

If only we had time to push away
Our woes, worries and pressures
To be free enough to spend our days
Planning our dreams
Rather than lamenting our losses
And had resources enough to make dreams happen.

If only we could sing from our roof tops
Rise and Shine Over-the-Rhine
Our spirits will forever haunt this place
We shall not be moved

All Tattered
and Torn

By LEE CALDWELL

They say children are sent from heaven above
to parents and homes to be nourished and
loved.
I desperately wonder, how can that be?
A home filled with abuse is all that I see,
Slapping and hitting, kicking, too,
Arms pinched and bleeding, now turning blue.

Father in Heaven, why couldn’t you see,
why would this family want a child like me?
I know you love me, my prayers answered true,
and sometimes they’re not.
A bath filled with water, but why so hot?

A home filled with laughter, a home filled with
joy,
often I dreamed as a wee small boy.
I close my eyes and dream through the night
a home full of love, it seems so right.

To change their hearts and the anger within,
please call me home and try it again.
Send them a child, all perfect and right
who makes no mistakes, from morning to night.

Father in Heaven what must I do, so they
will love me, the way I love you?
Bless my parents both mom and dad,
help me do better, and not be so bad.

I offer this prayer while on bended knee,
father dear father what’s this that I see?
The bird on my window as white as a dove,
the light shining thru and brighter above.

Father in Heaven, can it be calling me home,
are you calling me?
Angels are singing, songs of your joy.
I’m finally home, here’s your little lost boy.

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The Life’s Moments with Luggage

The ever changing rhythm of the street is the foremost companion of the street person. While the agony and misery are slated in due proportions, it is the variable by which survival is measured. The course is set and the undertaking is up to its participants.

For the outsider it appears to be in disarray; however, for those who live this lifestyle, it’s essential for their survival. Knowing and understanding the rules as such is the only way to make it through the day. Your every move depends on a little know-how and abundance of wit.

Without plans or preparation, the day begins with the shuffling that measures success. Hurrying to get to that place for a meal; or if you will, a shower. Constantly thinking ahead, hoping that you can make the timing that is most important for your daily routine. Everywhere you need to be, there is a line waiting for you; it goes with the territory. Stand around until it’s your turn, ears open to hear what your next move might be.

In the life of the street, one has to see with their ears and hear with their eyes; otherwise you might miss in which direction you need to go in order to get what you need. Every decision is predicated on an immediate need. Shelter for the night, a meal, or shower and clothing are pertinent for your well being, so you have to be constantly searching for where, when and how.

Staying in beat with the street, you have to follow the flow of those who share this lifestyle. Always mindful that each day is different, you have to review the schedule that you keep in your head, of where and when. It might be called life in the fast lane, only it’s actually slow. Ah! It’s always slow for the poor. Yet things cannot be measured by others’ ideas. The little that one is able to accumulate is worth

its weight in gold; its importance is without compare. The mindset is one of “do or die.” You cannot miss one simple thing, whether it’s being on time for the soup kitchen or waiting your turn in line at the shower house. The simplest of things are so very important for your daily success.

The baggage for this type of life is much more than a shoulder bag or an old beat-up suitcase with all your world inside. Now you have to think, “Who – or where – can I go to get whatever it is I need?” A perceived need, as most cases play out, what I thought would get me over the hump is something I really didn’t need. With more luggage than I can carry, I find myself looking for a place to unload some of my cargo, only to replace it with more of the same. The consistency of having the need for so many unnecessary things is beyond your understanding, yet there is that compulsion.

Staying in your head, the mind set on getting whatever you can. Up and down the sidewalk, watching the movement of the street, staying in tune with the beat that makes your world move.

“Ah, this is the life.” I say, “You made that up!” Now, let’s move up the sidewalk, a block or two. If you see it, you know how it sounds: the same as it looks. A reality that only those who live this way understand. A place where hope and help are misspelled with disappointment. The disappointment of life itself. No yesterdays, no tomorrows, just the moment. Yet one believes that relief is just around the corner or just a block or two away. The only rule is survival at any cost.

“Ah, this is the life.”

Note: I would like all our readers to engage our vendors on the challenge of questions. There is an ad in your *Streetvibes* that invites dialogue: “Go ahead: Ask a Vendor.” Please submit your questions.

Without plans or preparation, the day begins with the shuffling that measures success. Hurrying to get to that place for a meal; or if you will, a shower.

STREET
LIFE
By RICCARDO TAYLOR
STREETVIBES VENDOR

Busy Time for Housing Advocates

Resisting 3CDC and
blogging about the hurdles

By MICHELLE DILLINGHAM
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

If you are an affordable-housing advocate in this town, you are busy. In fact, it can get so busy that some tasks (read: fundraising) can get delayed, but I digress. Luckily, Cincinnati has an organization to help coordinate housing advocacy, the Affordable Housing Advocates (AHA).

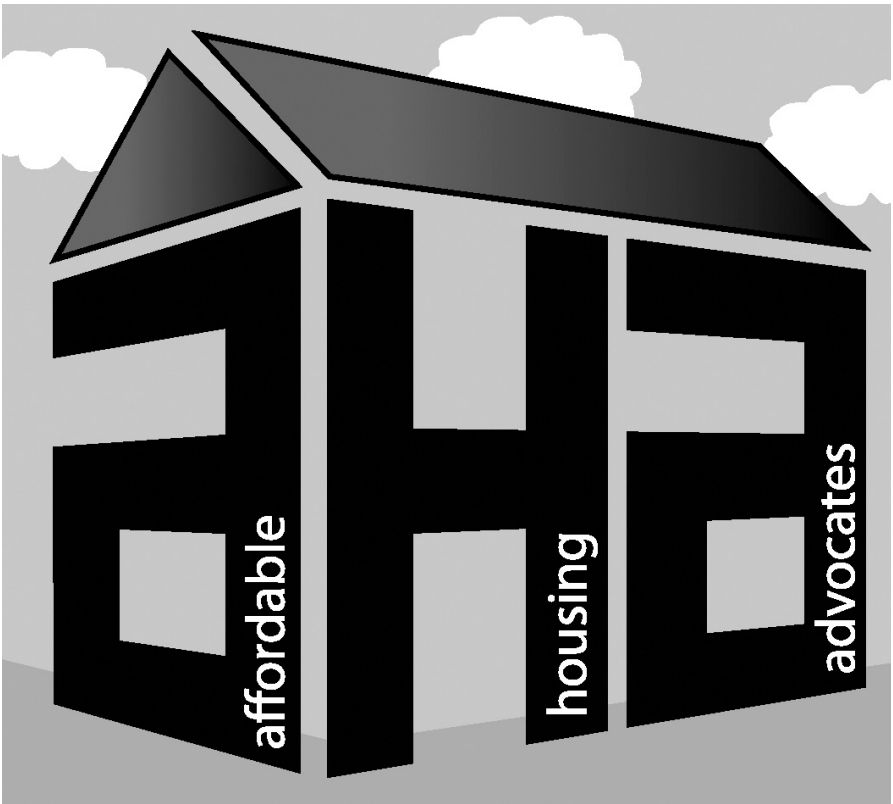
At the beginning of the year AHA set some goals. These included monitoring the Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority, pro-

viding education on affordable housing and increasing affordable housing. In the past six months AHA has taken a number of actions:

- ✓ Co-hosted the Promoting Inclusion in Neighborhood Redevelopment and Housing Forum at City Hall along with the Cincinnati Human Relations Commission. The event brought out 80 participants and aired on CitiCable about 10 times.
- ✓ Offered recommendations for action to the City/County Fair Housing Advisory Board.
- ✓ Hosted a table at the Neighborhood Summit, offering education materials on affordable housing.
- ✓ Joined the Home Think Tank collaborative to increase housing advocacy for people with disabilities.
- ✓ Opposed the actions of the city and the Cincinnati Center City Development Corp. (3CDC) related to the closing of the low-income Metropole Apartments and urged them to take action to ensure downtown remains an integrated, mixed income neighborhood.
- ✓ Made recommendations and testified on policies proposed in Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority’s annual plan.
- ✓ Launched social networking strategies to provide public education, including use of Facebook, Twitter and a blog.
- ✓ Created the Housing Preservation Committee, chaired by Kelan Craig of the Coalition on Homelessness and Housing in Ohio to discuss issues relative to the preservation of affordable housing, specific buildings of interest and strategies for preserving at-risk properties.
- ✓ Expressed deep concern on the proposal that the Drop Inn Center be moved from its current location, again resulting in a loss of diversity and the loss of a mixed-income neighborhood.
- ✓ Commented on the recent appointment of an interim executive director of the Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority (CMHA) who has no experience in housing and asked the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban development to exercise its authority and take over the public-housing authority in order to protect the public investment and the more than 16,000 families who rely on CMHA for housing.

Behind each of these efforts are AHA members who worked to ensure AHA stayed true to its mission: to further the creation, retention and accessibility of affordable housing in our community. Yet there is still so much to fight for.

AHA will host its annual meeting at 4 p.m. June 22 at the Urban League of Greater Cincinnati, presenting the report, “State of Affordable Housing in Hamilton County: The Crisis.”



Want more Streetvibes? Check out the **STREETVIBES BLOG**
<http://streetvibes.wordpress.com>

Gimme Shelter, But Not in New York

Charging rent for the working homeless

By LARRY GROSS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

It isn't politically correct to discriminate against gays or minorities. There are laws that protect these good people from it. When it comes to the homeless, there are good people here, too, but discrimination runs high. It's hard to find much help or support for those living on the street.

But there is some. Here in the Cincinnati area, there are organizations that do want to lend a hand to those who are down and out and homeless. There are some here who get it.

We have, of course, the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless, the non-profit organization that publishes this newspaper you're reading. There's also the Drop Inn Center on West 12th Street, which offers shelter to those in need. So does the Brighton Center on East 20th Street in Covington.

These and other agencies in Cincinnati have their hearts in the right place. But in New York, that heart doesn't exist. That heart has turned cold.

Starting this spring, New York Mayor Bloomberg and his administration are charging rent to homeless families who live in pub-

licly run shelters if they have jobs. Basically, if you're homeless in New York and trying to pull yourself up by your bootstraps for your family, in the "Big Apple," you're going to be charged for it.

New York's new policy is based on an old 1997 state law that wasn't being enforced until now. The policy is murky. It isn't clear as to how much homeless families should pay for shelter. The amount varies based on how many family members there are and how much money the homeless people are making.

Maybe those homeless families should take comfort that this new heartless policy won't exceed 50 percent of what they're making. Taking away 50 percent in a place like New York seems to me like a lot of money.

While this policy is badly conceived, it's also being badly executed. Families are being told to pay up or get out – and it's not just families who are being evicted. According to a recent *New York Times* report, a survivor of domestic violence was actually locked out of her room for nonpayment of rent.

The National Law Center on Homelessness and Poverty states that every year more than 3 million people experience homelessness. One-third of this homeless population is made up of families with parents not being

able to provide a roof to put over the heads of their children.

Those children now total over 1 million, with that number increasing every year. Perhaps someone in New York needs to remind Mayor Bloomberg of this fact. Maybe it would make a difference to him – children living on the street. Maybe it wouldn't.

If the American Dream is still alive in this country – and I'm not at all sure that it is – this policy in New York against the homeless, especially homeless families, needs to be eliminated and done away with. It's counterproductive and increasingly separates the haves and have-nots in our society.

While some in the Cincinnati community continue to look down on the homeless, we're not charging them rent to live in shelters. We're not punishing them while they try to pull themselves up. We're not like those calling the shots in New York.

Maybe New York and Mayor Bloomberg need to take a look at us here in Cincinnati. We, at least, still seem to have the ability to put ourselves in someone else's shoes. Some of us here can also remember a word New York apparently has forgotten. That word is "compassion" for fellow human beings.

The Guinea Pig Nightmare Comic

By ANNE SKOVE



District 9: Over-the-Rhine

A context for the city's attack on Drop Inn Center

By THOMAS A. DUTTON
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

“They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it.” (Oglala Chief Red Cloud).

District 9, nominated for best picture at the Academy Awards in March, is now widely available at a movie gallery near you. Rent it, watch it and learn about Over-the-Rhine. More specifically, watch it in light of the most recent city-corporate effort to displace the Drop Inn Center from its home in that neighborhood.

District 9 is not your normal alien movie. The typical question these movies pose is, what are they going to do to us? In *District 9* the roles are reversed. The aliens in *District 9* are metaphors – stand-ins for homeless people, people of color, immigrants, marginalized groups generally, what some have referred to as “surplus humanity” – and the question *District 9* poses is, what are we going to do with them? Denigrated and vilified as “prawns,” the movie charts the brutal removal of the aliens from one part of Johannesburg to a new and “improved” facility out of sight of humanity, and thus its moral sensibilities. Evidently, the “prawns” in Over-the-Rhine have to move for the good of the whole; a revealing statement, actually – apparently homeless people are not considered part of the whole.

On March 30, at a City Hall meeting called by Cincinnati Mayor Mark Mallory, three board members of the Drop Inn Center were given their marching orders to make plans to relocate the Drop Inn Center because it “has got to go.” Accompanying the mayor were Vice Mayor Roxanne Qualls, some city staff, members representing the Continuum of Care and CEO Steve Leeper, Adam Gelter and Joe Pichler representing the Cincinnati Center City Development Corp. (3CDC.)

Though no agenda was provided, the intent of this meeting became all too clear. While cordial on the surface, just below it was anything but. Some accounts characterize the meeting as abrupt and disrespectful, both in tone and body language. It doesn't take much to surmise why, because the question of why the DIC “must” move never was negotiated, nor was it going to be. The whole thrust was procedural, a matter of simply figuring out the logistical steps, with 3CDC offering its “help” in searching for new sites for a new facility.

The Drop Inn Center needs to make no argument as to its home, at least not until the city-corporate types make theirs. And that should be something to behold. I wonder if they will be able to say what's really on their minds. Many years ago I was approached by an unnamed city council member, whose 40-foot likeness now adorns a prominent entry point to Over-the-Rhine, urging me to convince the leaders of the Drop Inn Center to relocate.

“Why does the Drop Inn Center have to move?” I asked.

“Well, you know...”
“Hmmm. No, I don't. Can you explain?”
“Well, it's just not right.”
“Not right? What do you mean?” I inquired.
“Well, it's just not a good fit.”
“How is it not a good fit?”
“Well, the Drop Inn Center just needs to move.”
“Why?” I asked.

I am still waiting for an answer. And it's doubtful that an inquiring public will get one.

The powers-that-be don't want to have such a conversation, of course, and will do everything in their power to avoid one. This is precisely why the “conversation” that took place in City Hall was structured the way it was – as method and logistics.

Some of this can be explained by recent trends in our national discourse. We Americans seem to deal with our most intractable problems by either turning a blind eye toward them or by shifting the terms of understanding so they magically disappear. “Global warming” downgrades to “climate change,” racism is solved through references to a supposed color-blindness or to a “post-racial” society, and

massive inequality will be overcome by “free markets” and access to “equal opportunity.”

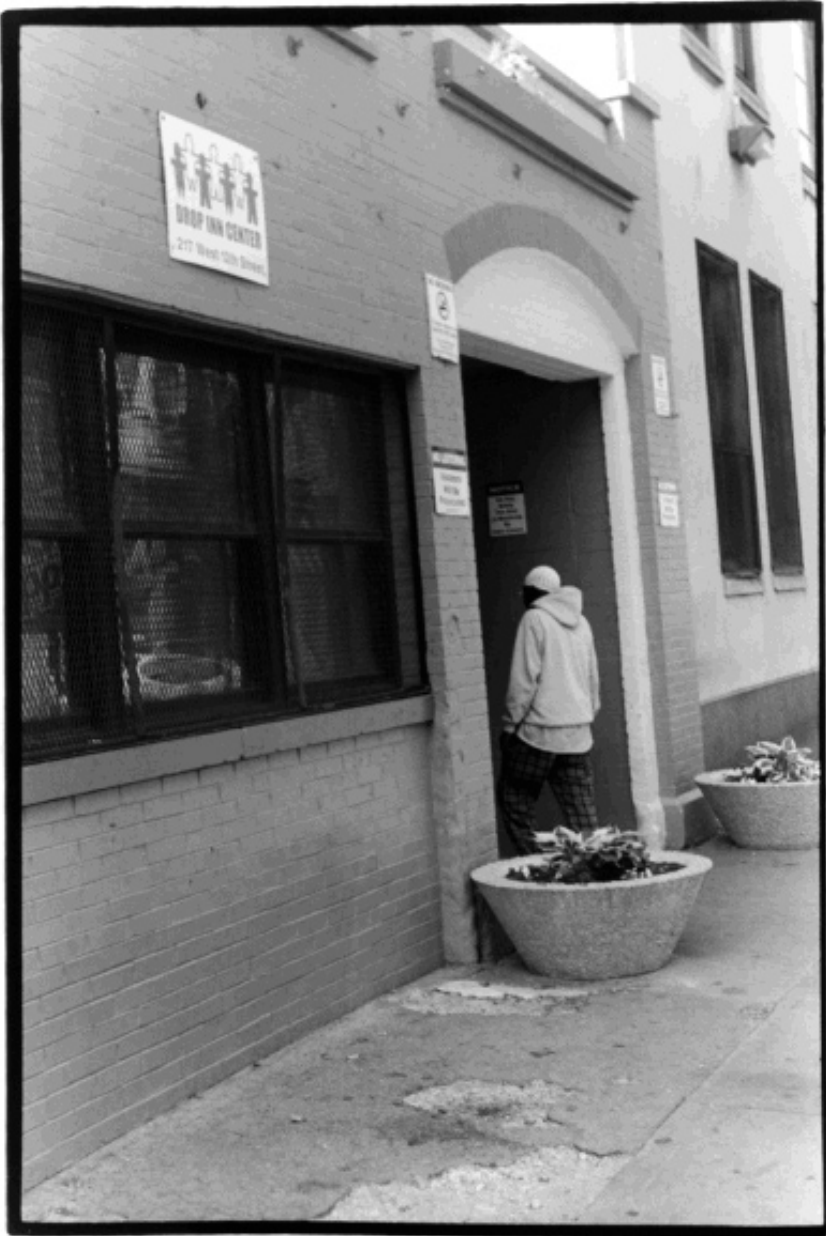
Bogus.
Let's call this out for what it truly is. The discourse of the city-corporate alliance that is developing around the removal of the Drop Inn Center has a long, sordid history in the United States. It comes in many names: manifest destiny, social cleansing, ethnic cleansing, negro removal, gentrification, colonialism; and let's add another, “econocide” (which I will explain shortly). Cincinnati is witnessing in Over-the-Rhine today a variant of colonialism in line with the history of this country as a settler state to marginalize, exterminate or remove the “undesirables” whose very presence hinders the (colonialist) project.

In this sense gentrification (predicated on removing the Drop Inn Center) as a modern-day form of colonialism is nothing new, although characteristics might be different. It is certainly racist (“white middle class saviors”) in that it targets communities of color for removal or transfer or displacement. It is also classist in that economic policies are spun around spurring “homeownership” and market-rate development, all the while suggesting that the needs of lower-income residents can be met by such economically exclusive approaches. And insofar as the state appropriates gentrification and sanctions it as urban policy, racism and classism now become official state policy.

This is the game plan for places like Over-the-Rhine today. As the city favors a business climate based upon privatization and public/private partnerships, the flip side is that all benefits and awards accrue to new gentrifiers by expelling all traces of the poor and homeless. This is not a situation where the byproduct of urban policy just happens to negatively impact the poor. No, this is urban policy where the active defense of privilege and class depends upon the denial and removal of the poor.

This is urban policy with a vengeance. The tactics are clear, whereby the city promotes an agenda to sanitize urban neighborhoods and links crime and militaristic measures such as more jails, more police and more punitive legislation into a seamless marriage. In this view, the root causes of crime are rarely addressed and where the prison of today is just the latest incarnation of the same line of thinking that produced the racial enclosures of slavery, Jim Crow, the ghetto and the Indian reservation.

This is “econocide,” a term developed by theorist Arjun Appadurai in his poignant *Fear of Small Numbers: An Essay on the Geography of Anger*. Appadurai's concern is that violence is taking new forms in the new era of “intense globalization,” of which ethnic cleansing and culturally motivated violence perpetrated on a large scale are two of the most pressing examples. For Appadurai, the extent and rapidity of globalization have produced fearful conditions of anxiety and uncertainty, with one response being the mobilization of violence against minorities, immigrants, the poor, the homeless and the outcast as a kind of exorcism to produce certainty and stability. Violence becomes a kind of purification rite on the part of “majoritarian identities” to purge their fear of marginalized populations that are being written off and targeted for removal:



A resident enters the Drop Inn Center. Jon Hughes/Photopress.

“Econocide is a worldwide tendency to arrange the disappearance of the losers in the great drama of globalization.”

Imagine being the target of econocide, where the following is a daily experience in Over-the-Rhine:

- You are told that your very presence in your own community is disorderly, unwanted, unattractive, displeasing, and that you are not a “good neighbor;”
- Your own history is retold in ways that edit you out;
- You are told that the use of force, backed by the police, prisons, surveillance and punitive social policy and added to with a dash of free-market fundamentalism, will solve all social problems;
- You're told that deregulation for the mobility of corporate capital, coupled with the regulation of urban public space by punitive social policy and police sweeps (what some refer to as the annihilation of space by law), are precisely needed to serve your interests;
- You are told of the need for outside, corporate forces, with the city's blessing and support, to lead the charge in redeveloping your neighborhood because there is just too much fragmentation, and the successful organizations you have built over the decades are deemed incapable.
- And with regard to the specifics of the Drop Inn Center's removal, again, imagine being on the receiving end of a domestic neocolonialism steeped in econocide:
- You are not approached in the spirit of mutual respect and reciprocity. There is no attempt to understand the complexities of the Drop Inn Center, nor its successes. No, the approach is militaristic; the city barks orders and 3CDC maps logistics for how the Drop Inn Center is to move. How would moving the Drop Inn Center serve the Drop Inn Center's mission to end homelessness? Not only does the Drop Inn Center own its land and have a right to be there, moving it makes no sense in

District 9: Over-the-Rhine



The men's step-up dorm at the Drop Inn Center was created as part of a shelter restructuring last year designed to improve services at the Drop Inn Center. Jon Hughes/Photopresse.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

- solving the circumstances producing homelessness in Cincinnati. The *Homeless to Homes* report makes no mention of a move. What a waste of dollars to create a new facility when the money could be directed to permanent supportive affordable housing, for example, which is precisely what *Homeless to Homes* advocates.
- You are presented with faux humanitarianism. I and others have already called this out to the public before in our "When Humanitarianism Goes Bad" (see either http://www.cincinnati-beacon.com/index.php?/contents/comments/when_humanitarianism_goes_bad/ or <http://arts.muohio.edu/cce/papers/When%20Humanitarianism%20Goes%20Bad.pdf>). And what concerned us then is raining down on us now – a new, high-bred rhetoric of concern and compassion for the homeless that masks true intentions, which is not to end homelessness, just move it elsewhere. I suspect the Drop Inn Center board is not fooled by this urban colonialism dressed up in a false generosity.
 - You are essentially lied to because the practices and the principles of 3CDC, or the city, are not in sync. Operating as individual entities or as a city-corporate alliance as is happening now, the track record in following through in safeguarding the interests of our most vulnerable citizens is inadequate. Actually, "safeguarding the interests of our most vulnerable citizens" is being way too nice. It feels more like a war. Through policy and willful action, the poor of the Queen city have been targeted time and again. Consider:
 - After a promise to replace all 100 or so units of housing units after the demolition of the Milner Hotel – torn down in 1994 to make room for up-scale housing at a time the city was arguing for economically mixed communities – only 20 units were replaced at the time, and those no longer exist.
 - The city's effort to kill ReSTOC's Vine Street Community Project back in 2000. After officially backing the project, Mayor Charlie Luken pulled his support, encouraging city council to block the release of city-administered funds and requiring ReSTOC to sell one of its primary buildings in the development to a private developer. This was not the end of it, however, as the city forced ReSTOC to sell off more of its property and convert some rental units into owner-occupied units.

- The Housing Impaction Ordinance of 2001, which forbids the "city of Cincinnati from spending, approving or in any way condoning more subsidized low-income development in those areas deemed impacted," mistakes symptoms for causes by popularizing the misguided view that the concentration of low-income housing is the root problem in Over-the-Rhine. Not seen in this view are the larger, structural causes that include the disappearance of decent paying, lower-skilled jobs, suburbanization, declining wages, welfare reform and other rollbacks of state-sponsored services, poor education and lack of affordable health and child care, all of which disproportionately and severely impacted poorer populations.
- The city's decision to abolish its Planning Department in 2003, which signaled to all those many people and organizations who worked on the *Over-the-Rhine Comprehensive Plan* (2002) that the Plan itself was essentially shelf material, effectively walking away from responsibilities outlined in the Plan to safeguard economic mix.
- The city didn't just pass one anti-panhandling ordinance, but two. Now a person cannot lie or use profanity or ask for change more than once, even though governments shall make no law...abridging freedom of speech.
- The emptying of 1316 Race St. of 33 tenants who were displaced by the owner as a condition of sale to 3CDC. These residents were pressured with 30 days' notice to vacate the premises. As this happened in November 2006, many residents had to find refuge from the approaching winter cold.
- The city's attempt through the Zoning Text Amendments to restrict and remove social services from Over-the-Rhine in the name of de-concentrating social services.
- 3CDC's word to keep basketball courts in a re-designed Washington Park has no value as the courts have been dropped from the program. It appears this was a unilateral decision made by 3CDC, and the message this sends to African-American teenagers is loud and clear: You are not wanted.
- 3CDC's statement about the importance of having "a deep-water pool south of Liberty in Over-the-Rhine" (because the existing one in Washington Park will be eliminated) seems to hold no water. It appears there are no plans to renovate Ziegler Park's shallow pool into a deep-water one

anytime soon.

- 3CDC's claim that, as a rule, they don't displace people from their homes is contradicted by their action with the residents of the Metropole Apartments downtown. 3CDC can't even relocate them in their own downtown neighborhood.

The contradictions in these examples – and there are many more – are striking on their face. The professed sincerity for the homeless and our least empowered citizens is contradicted outright by city-corporate practices.

The 37-year history of the Drop Inn Center deserves respect, gratitude and acknowledgement for the experience and wisdom its gained in operating with strong ties to community organizations, both in and outside homeless-care provision. The Drop Inn Center is much, much more than a "shelter." It is a community-based organization woven into the fabric of Over-the-Rhine with strong ties with many neighborhood organizations. Its graduates have gone on to establish new neighborhood institutions and even national reputations (think of Jimmy Heath, Donald Whitehead, Jimmy Render, Joe Beene and Mike Rogers, for starters). Over its long history, it has not only raised awareness in the city about the circumstances and need for shelter, but it continues to argue for a different societal future where homelessness is eradicated and not just moved to a new District 9, out of sight and out of mind.

I suspect this piece will not be well received by the likes of 3CDC and the city. And I fully expect that these entities will act in the retaliatory fashion typical of bullies, which is precisely how they are operating now. I would not be surprised if they try to restrict rightful monies from reaching the Drop Inn Center. I would like to be wrong here.

No one appreciates arrogance and paternalism. Patronizing the Drop Inn Center, I fear, is the first step in ignoring it altogether. The challenge is to construct a society full of real humanitarianism, building upon what the Drop Inn Center enacts everyday. It is a place of compassion, of empathy, of healing. It is a place that can restore Cincinnati's humanity. Apparently the city and its agents can learn something from the Drop Inn Center.

Thomas A. Dutton is director of the Miami University Center for Community Engagement in Over-the-Rhine.

Need Help or Want to Help?

Shelter: Women and Children

Central Access Point	381-SAFE
Cincinnati Union Bethel 300 Lytle Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	768-6907
Bethany House 1841 Fairmount Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45214	557-2873
Grace Place Catholic Worker House 6037 Cary Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45224	681-2365
Salvation Army 131 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	762-5660
YWCA Battered Women’s Shelter	872-9259

Shelter: Men

City Gospel Mission 1419 Elm Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-5525
Justice Watch	241-0490
St. Fran/St. Joe Catholic Work. House 1437 Walnut Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-4941
Mt. Airy Shelter	661-4620

Shelter: Both

Anthony House (Youth) 2728 Glendora Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45209	961-4080
Caracole (HIV/AIDS) 1821 Summit Road, Cinti, Ohio 45237	761-1480
Drop Inn Center 217 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-0643
Interfaith Hospitality Network	471-1100
Lighthouse Youth Center (Youth) 3330 Jefferson, Cinti, Ohio 45220	221-3350

Housing:

CMHA	721-4580
Excel Development	632-7149
OTR Community Housing 114 W. 14th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-1171
Tender Mercies 27 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-8666
Tom Geiger House	961-4555
Dana Transitional Bridge Services	751-0643
Volunteers of America	381-1954
Anna Louise Inn	421-5211

Food/Clothing

Lord’s Pantry	621-5300
OTR/Walnut Hills Kitchen & Pantry OTR: 1620 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202 Walnut Hills: 2631 Gilbert, Cinti, Ohio 45206	961-1983
Our Daily Bread 1730 Race Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	621-6364

St. Francis Soup Kitchen	535-2719
Churches Active in Northside 4230 Hamilton Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45223	591-2246
FreeStore/FoodBank 112 E. Liberty Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-1064
Madisonville Ed & Assistance Center 4600 Erie Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45227 Serves area codes: 45226, 45227, 45208, 45209	271-5501
St. Vincent de Paul 1125 Bank Street, Cinti, Ohio 45214	562-8841

Treatment: Men

Charlie’s 3/4 House 2121 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	784-1853
Prospect House 682 Hawthorne Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45205	921-1613
Starting Over	961-2256

Treatment: Women

First Step Home 2203 Fulton, Cinti, Ohio 45206	961-4663
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Treatment: Both

AA Hotline	351-0422
CCAT 830 Ezzard Charles Dr. Cinti, Ohio 45214	381-6672
Joseph House (Veterans) 1522 Republic Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-2965
Hamilton County ADAS Board	946-4888
Recovery Health Access Center	281-7422
Sober Living	681-0324
Talbert House	641-4300

Advocacy

Catholic Social Action	421-3131
Community Action Agency	569-1840
Contact Center 1227 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-4242
Franciscan JPIC	721-4700
Gr. Cinti Coalition for the Homeless 117 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	421-7803
Intercommunity Justice & Peace Cr.	579-8547
Legal Aid Society	241-9400
Ohio Justice & Policy Center	421-1108
Faces Without Places	363-3300
Stop AIDS	421-2437

Health

Center for Respite Care 3550 Washington Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45229	621-1868
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Crossroad Health Center 5 E. Liberty St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-2247
Health Resource Center	357-4602
Homeless Mobile Health Van	352-2902
McMicken Dental Clinic 40 E. McMicken Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45202	352-6363
Mental Health Access Point	558-8888
Mercy Franciscan at St. John 1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	981-5800
NAMI of Hamilton County	458-6670
PATH Outreach	977-4489

Other Resources

Center Independent Living Options	241-2600
Emmanuel Community Center 1308 Race St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-2563
Peaslee Neighborhood Center 214 E. 14th St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	621-5514
Franciscan Haircuts from the Heart 1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-0111
Goodwill industries	771-4800
Healing Connections	751-0600
Mary Magdalen House 1223 Main St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-4811
People Working Cooperatively	351-7921
The Caring Place	631-1114
United Way	211
Women Helping Women	977-5541
Off The Streets	421-5211

Hamilton/Middletown

St. Raephaels	863-3184
Salvation Army	863-1445
Serenity House Day Center	422-8555
Open Door Pantry	868-3276

Northern Kentucky

Brighton Center 799 Ann St. Newport, KY	859-491-8303
ECHO/Hosea House	859-261-5857
Fairhaven Resuce Mission	859-491-1027
Homeward Bound Youth	859-581-1111
Mathews House	859-261-8009
Homeless & Housing Coalition	859-727-0926
Parish Kitchen	859-581-7745
Pike St. Clinic	859-291-9321
Transitions, Inc	859-491-4435
Welcome House of NKY 205 West Pike Street, Covington, KY 41011	859-431-8717
Women’s Crisis Center	859-491-3335
VA Domiciliary	859-559-5011
VA Homeless	859-572-6226



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<http://www.facebook.com/streetvibescincinnati>

Go Ahead: Ask a Vendor

Invitation to a dialogue with our readers

Streetvibes vendors see a lot that you might not. For example, some can describe what goes on in an abandoned building at night when they sleep there.

Have you ever wondered what it’s like to stand on a street corner selling newspapers? That’s hardly a common occupation anymore.

How much money do *Streetvibes* vendors make – and what do they do with it? Do they have other jobs?

If you have questions, some of our vendors would like to answer them. “Go Ahead: Ask a Vendor” will be an occasional feature, with questions submitted by readers and answered by *Streetvibes* vendors.

You may direct your question to a specific vendor or we’ll invite one to respond. Only include your name if you want to.

Send questions to streetvibes2@yahoo.com
Or to Streetvibes, 117 E. 12th St. Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Go ahead. Ask.

The Interplay of Fear, Love, Light

Gena Grunenberg re-creates the world

“Early on I realized that art was the only thing I needed to maintain sense of myself – also to make sense of the world,” says Gena Grunenberg.

Grunenberg is a Cincinnati artist who as a child constantly drew and painted. In fourth grade she won an award for best drawing in her school. Her talent was recognized and encouraged by her mother, also a painter, and by her art teachers.

After high school Grunenberg studied graphic arts, switching later to fine arts. Graphic arts did not satisfy her, the emphasis placed principally on how to create a sellable product, successfully advertise and manipulate the masses. This was at a time when other planetary and personal concerns were preoccupying her and that she felt she needed to express. The world was a frightening place to be, the Cold War going on, nuclear threats imminent, global warming pointing, the AIDS epidemic emerging; and she was directly dealing with issues of violence, peace at home often disrupted by an alcoholic father, abuse frequently encountered in her workplace.

Grunenberg decided to independently study drawing and painting and enrolled under art teacher and artist Hugo Valerio. At the same time she learned various techniques, including pottery, silkscreen, jewelry and stone setting. Her aim was to develop good skills and draftsmanship to use to address the many issues she was facing.

“I was witnessing corporations mistreating their workers, battering of the environment, racism, war, ethnic and individual violence. I wanted to use my art as a message,” she says.

For few years, however, Grunenberg did not paint or draw, afraid

to confront the problems she was encountering, but which were simmering inside her. This changed when she was asked to paint a pig for the Big Pig Gig event organized by Artworks. She was then living with a man who was controlling and physically abusive; he did not want her to partake in the project.

Determined, she fought him back and completed a pig on the theme of pollution. This gave her the courage to assert herself and move forward. Soon after she left the abusive relationship and started a whole body of work addressing the issues that have affected her until then.

Domestic violence and violence in general became prominent topics in her work. *Every Woman*, an acrylic painting she did at the time, is about all women. The painting depicts them as parents, as abused and oppressed, carrying their burden into their old age, but also healing thanks to their inner power. *Ice Tree* addresses the plight of global warming and the insult large oil companies inflict on nature; it contrasts an oil can with a tiny sprig of hope growing next to it.

“There is a progression in the violence that starts at home, within the individual, within families, then permeates society and spreads like a web,” Grunenberg says. “It becomes like a spiritual disease manifested in hatred, bigotry, disregard to others, rampant abuses by our capitalistic system, wars, global environmental destruction. ... I want to un-



Gena Grunenberg stands in front of a collection of her puppets. Bill Howes.

derstand its causes and address them in my work in order to create awareness, make a difference, render the world a better place.”

A couple years ago Grunenberg started building puppets to tackle and personalize the same concerns. Her puppet *Fear* deals with the prevalent sense of anxiety and fearful living conditions one increasingly experiences in violent modern society. She wants it, however, balanced by a counterpart, *Love*, that she is currently creating and would like to see take over.

Another area of interest is metaphysics and the science of light. Researching the field, Grunenberg discovered that what scientists believed and postulated ended up for the most part being true. Extrapolating to the world of art, she concluded that, by molding a world according to what the artist thinks and believes, and by expressing it, the artist renders it real and transmits it to others. The work of art thus becomes an empowering part of the creation and an important vehicle for change. She emphasizes, however, in *In the Beginning*, that to effect this change it was important to be honest and truthful. The painting illustrates the need to remove the mask that conceals one's identity and obliterates one's true potential.

Grunenberg also did a series commentary on the ambivalent duality of individuals, holy through their spirit, full of deficits by their human nature. In *The Thinker*, they are represented like pawns, fixed and paralyzed, full of holes; they are lonely even when in couples. They are connected by a smoke ribbon emanating from a passing train and ending at a skeleton thinker, alone, isolated and immobile despite having legs and arms. Grunenberg meant the thinker as a reminder to every artist to go beyond the apparent limitations and be the connector, the transformer, the infuser of life. That's what she would like her art to do.

Three years ago Grunenberg joined Visionaries and Voices, an art studio for people with disabilities; initially the studio coordinator, she is now the exhibit coordinator and curator. She helps the disabled artists grow, develop and assert themselves through their art. Listening to them discuss politics, religion and events that have affected their lives – such as prejudice, racism, abuse, rape – she challenged them to express their feelings through their work, make a statement and share it with others in an exhibition she titled *Black and White*. More than 30 participated side by side with invited artists; their voices found echo in each others', resonated, became amplified and multiplied. The show was moving, a visual unfolding of the timeline of ills and violence in our society.

“I want to be an activist with my own art,” says Grunenberg, “and also get other people involved. We need to fight isolation and fear and affirm ourselves. Art has a healing and spiritual power; it gives strength and courage. It helped me making tough decisions; I want to use it now to help and empower others – like for the scientists, it can help us create the world we dream of; it can make it real.”

“I want to understand its causes and address them in my work in order to create awareness, make a difference, render the world a better place.”
- Gena Grunenberg

Artists as Activists

By SAAD GHOSN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER



The Thinker, acrylic painting by Gena Grunenberg. Bill Howes.